

CAREER OF DE ROHAN.

ADMIRAL DAHLGREN'S BROTHER A
SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

An Early Quarrel Estranges Them for
Life—His Service on Two Continents with
Garibaldi—His Unrecompensed Service
for Victor Emanuel.

Admiral William de Rohan, who died in this city, was one of the most remarkable men of this century, and a complete sketch of his life would read like a chapter from medieval history. He was of Norse descent, his father having been a Swedish nobleman; and he was born Dahlgren, his elder brother being Admiral Dahlgren, of the United States navy, whose services afloat during the war, as well as his advanced improvements in ordnance, make such a bright page in the history of our navy. Another brother, younger, Charles Dahlgren, took sides with the south during the war and was a general officer.

De Rohan was nearly six feet in height, broad shouldered and deep chested, and in his prime of life must have been one of the most powerful men living. His head was Websterian in its proportions.

THE BROTHER'S FIGHT.

Away back in the forties, when William had grown to man's estate in years, Admiral Dahlgren, then a lieutenant, was stationed at the navy yard here engaged in the ordnance departments, that made his name famous for the style and method of building the great ship guns that bore his name and that fought the naval battles of the civil war. One day Dahlgren, the elder son, saw fit to take William severely to task for something, and that brought on a storm of angry words on both sides that resulted in the younger man knocking the older brother into a corner of the room. Dignity forbade a personal alteration, and Dahlgren had an officer sent for.

Taken to the old City hall, William was sullen and unrepentant, and though family and neutral friends tried to stop proceedings, Dahlgren pressed the case, and the offender was fined \$100 for the assault. Then Dahlgren told the magistrate that if William would make a public apology for having struck an officer of the navy while in uniform, he would be willing that the penalty be set aside.

"Never! Never!" said William. "I will never apologize nor even speak a word to you while God lets me live; and more, while you live I will never again bear the name that you do."

So they parted in the mayor's room at the City hall, and William assumed his mother's name of De Rohan, by which he was known thereafter at home and abroad to the day of his death. His mother was a member of the princely family of De Rohan, of France.

Going abroad, his family connections and ample means brought him into intimacy with persons of the highest rank in life, among them being Admiral Hobart (Pasha), of the Turkish navy, and with him he took service under the sultan, with the rank of captain.

John C. Calhoun in ITALIAN WATERS.

Leaving the Turks he went to the Argentine Republic—then Buenos Ayres—with Garibaldi, and commanded the naval forces of that country in the successful revolution that brought independence. After that, when Garibaldi came to this country, De Rohan went to Chili and became admiral of the Chilean navy.

Late in the fifties he joined Garibaldi, with whom he was in constant correspondence, in Europe, and entered heart and soul with him in his plans for the unification and independence of Italy. While the great liberator directed and commanded the land forces De Rohan was made admiral of the revolutionary navy, which was confirmed by Victor Emanuel.

He was an admiral without a fleet, for they did not have a single vessel heavier than a coral fishing felucca; but he was energetic, and by a very liberal outlay of funds from his private purse and contributions by English and French friends he actually succeeded in purchasing and arming three good sized merchant steamers, with which he escaped to Sardinia and reported to Victor Emanuel.

It was on these vessels that the then king of Sardegna and such troops as he had were transported to the mainland of Italy, and history tells of the result. During the siege of Rome Admiral De Rohan commanded the marine division under Garibaldi and supervised the artillery fire.

Other forms of government than republics are at times ungrateful, and it is so in this case, for, while Admiral De Rohan spent nearly \$250,000 in providing the means that gave the throne of Italy to the house of Savoy, he never was repaid a penny, and died in Providence hospital here, cared for by charitable friends.

During a number of years he resided in England, where he became interested in the formation and workings of the British naval reserve, in which he was commissioned a commander by the admiralty. During the civil war he was intensely loyal to the north, but refused to take service in our navy lest he might at some time be brought under the command of his brother, Admiral John Dahlgren.

Put off by various excuses and neglected by Victor Emanuel in his attempts to secure repayment of the immense sums advanced to Italy, he came home about 1871 and laid his claims before the secretary of state.

In the belief that something would at least be accomplished, De Rohan went abroad again, and for several years tried to work some mines he owned in Sardinia or Sicily, but he lacked capital for the work, and returned home to find his case slumbering as neglectedly as though no one in the state department had ever heard of it.

He was thoroughly disheartened, and for the first time in his life his high courage failed before his misfortunes. He was then and his health gave way. He was then nearly seventy years of age, and when a stroke of paralysis followed he failed rapidly in a hospital.—*Washington Post*.

Prince Napoleon's Pompeian Mansion.

When the part Prince Napoleon might have taken in French politics ceases to be contrasted with the part he actually did take he will be remembered for quite a different achievement. In a strange part of Paris he built a very curious mansion, and collected a brilliant circle of friends to witness a singular entertainment. The circumstance, once notorious, is now almost forgotten. Thirty-five years ago the prince went Pompeii mad. It was the fashionable craze of the day.

Artists, authors, dilettanti—they all took it; but the prince alone had funds and purpose to realize his wild project. If he could build a house just like one of those old Pompeian mansions, if he could furnish it classically, put in the right bronzes and statuettes, himself dress like an old Roman and get his friends to do the same—well, he actually reduced the dream to a fact.

In the avenue Montaigne, at that time perilously near the Bal Mabille, the palace was reared on the true Pompeian lines. Jerome painted the decorations— Homer chanting his ballads, and nymphs that represented the Odyssey and Iliad. Everything was classic and was Greek, but the Bonaparts blood flowed in the veins of the owner.

Prince Napoleon set up busts and statues of his family all round the atrium—Napoleon and Josephine and Marie Louise, Lucien, Charles, Louis and Jerome; they all had their place in this classic apartment. And here, before the emperor and empress, a French play was acted in classic costume—Favart, Brohan and Theophile Gautier being the company, and Got and Emile Augier among the audience.—*Boston Herald*.

MAKING MONEY TALK.

"Look at that fellow," said the man in the window.

"Who?" I inquired.

"That young fellow standing outside the rail."

"Well, what of it?"

"Don't you notice that five dollar bill he is holding in his hand?"

"Yes. Well?"

"He's been flourishing it around for five minutes. Bought two fifty cent seats in the gallery just now. Gave me a ten dollar bill. I gave him four silver dollars and that five. Been all this time putting the four into his pocket."

"Well, he had to unbutton his overcoat. That takes time."

"Yes, but it doesn't take five minutes. Besides, he could have put the five dollars into his vest pocket in no time. But he didn't. He holds it out in plain view."

"Suppose he does. Hasn't he a right to?"

"Of course. But don't you get on to the racket?"

"No. What is it?"

"Girl."

"Girl?"

"Yes. That's the girl standing over there in the corner. She's watching him. He's just drawn his week's pay, ten dollars, and is taking her to see the show. When they came in he flashed the ten dollars, and dazzled her with it a while before he got into line. I saw her get a good look at the five dollars before she sinks it. It's a great scheme. No other fellow can steal that girl now. He's got her solid. And the long green did it."—*Chicago Post*.

COBBLER SPRAGUE'S FRUGAL WIFE.

Ten thousand dollars in gold and greenbacks has been found secreted in an old table in the residence of John Sprague, a shoemaker, of Wilmington, Del. The money represents his deceased wife's savings for thirty-nine years. On Jan. 27 Mrs. Mary Sprague, wife of the cobbler, dropped dead, a victim of heart disease, in a drug store. The couple came to Wilmington from England thirty-one years ago. The husband is about sixty years of age, while the wife was nearly fifty-nine years old when she died. They were frugal and industrious, and during their thirty-nine years of married life the husband weekly gave the wife a certain sum of money for her use. He never questioned what she did with the surplus, but supposed it was regularly put in bank.

When Mrs. Sprague died search was made for the bankbook supposed to exist, but to no avail. The house was ransacked also, but no money was found. Finally Mrs. McGinley, a neighbor, suggested, as she had had a dream to that effect, that possibly the treasure might be secreted in an antique table, and this article of furniture was examined.

Tightly wedged in an inside corner of the table were found a bag of gold and a roll of greenbacks, which, being counted,

amounted to \$10,000.—*Cor. Philadelphia Record*.

THE TABLEAU.

The palmiest day of the tableau entertainment has rather gone by. Sacred and profane history, ancient and modern customs have been faithfully worked for varieties in tableau representation and their freshness has pretty well departed.

An entertainment of pretty and picturesque scenes, unvaried by action or movement, is a somewhat mild form of amusement. For obvious reasons this kind of entertainment has had a long run of favor.

Tableaux, represented by good folks that they all know, are something that the strictest church people can look upon without a feeling of sin, and a great deal of money for good causes has been realized in this way.

They flourish best in home soil and presented by home talent and beauty, and not a little have they owed to the good natured puffs of amiable editors and the family pride which loves to see Sis on the stage in a fancy costume, looking as pretty as a peachblow vase.—*Springfield Homestead*.

PLEASANT, BUT USELESS.

"Wouldn't it be nice if some of the pleasant things said about persons after they are dead could only be said while they were still alive? It would cheer their dying hours."

"Yes, it would be nice, but it would hardly be safe."

"Why not?"

"They might recover."—*New York Recorder*.

"ME, MUM."—NEW YORK SUN.

"What has become of your old boss, Martin, cook? I haven't seen him around much lately."

"No, mum, Martin don't come round much now; he's married."

"Oh, ho! Ho's married, eh? WI-

"A Great Success."—*New York Sun*.

RATTLESNAKE BILL.

A Story of Love, Jealousy, Thompson PRELUDE.

Drip! drip! drip!

It was the sound of f-

ing gore.

unto death lay

life blood was

engaged, and the

blood.

Like a pall

a dimly burn-

adows every-

turn, blacker

the street.

error of Crack-

of the season,

Razor Jim and

the belle of the

dance hall

looking eyes

Rattlesnake Bill,

it feared his

im-

as left alone,

He only

ear one word,

DEFEAT.

The warning was repe-

Razor Jim, and the Terror

alley went razoring for Bill.

He found him.

Bill was removed to the

came the gore dripping sc-

in the prelude to this story.

"On with the dance!"

Razor Jim, as he wiped Bill's

his razor.

"On with the dance!"

scrubbed.

White

blood off

named 'Man-

AVENGE.

Three years have elapsed.

White Razor Jim

stamp again on his old stand

Thompson street. They

were bad to worse, and final

Hoboken.

Rattlesnake Bill recovered

wounds and then disappeared

from his

seen lurking

he said it

that it was

fled from

rapidly

settled in.

Some

he was on

foot in

Mr. J—

AVENGED.

Dear Sir—Please send by mail

upper grinded teeth the shade and size

of the sample I send you the right side

eye tooth or cuspid is in his mouth also

his 2 hind teeth in his mouth that is

the 2 last on each side are in his head and

his eye tooth right side I would like you

to send me the block with just 2 on to fit

to the eye tooth Send them in four

blocks.

Please you understand me he has

5 in his month 2 each side behind the eye

tooth fill the rest and oblige me.—Detroit Free Press.

HIS ORDER.

A dealer in dental supplies doing busi-

ness in one of our large cities recently

received an order from a country cus-

tomer, of which the following is a lit-